

# Our Dumb Animals.

"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE WHO



CANNOT SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES."

"I would not enter on my list of friends,  
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,  
Yet wanting sensibility, the man  
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm." — *Cowper.*

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## Our Dumb Animals.

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OFFICE OF THE SOCIETY,  
46 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

### Kindness to Animals.

EXTRACTS FROM A THANKSGIVING DISCOURSE, BY REV. WILLIAM CRAWFORD, from text, Prov. 12:10—"A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast."

One of the surest marks of a great heart is a love for the lower animals. When you see one who looks with tenderness upon the meanest thing that breathes, who will turn aside that he may not crush the insect in his path, and who cannot brush down a spider's web without a pang of regret, you may be certain that he has a fine and sympathetic nature. There is a touch of rare humanity as well as genius in Sterne's picture of his Uncle Toby, letting go the fly that had been buzzing about his nose all dinner-time with almost a benediction; "Go, go, poor devil, get thee gone, —why should I hurt thee? This world is surely wide enough to hold both thee and me." When the pulse of kindness thus beats responsive to everything that lives, we say the man is *humane* which is only an empathic way of saying that he is *human*, in the best sense of the word. We may perhaps add, that he has caught something of the divine spirit; for it is the glory of God that while he calls the stars by name and marshals them in the heavens, he also takes note of the fall of every sparrow. "What is religion?" asks an old Hindoo writer, and the answer is, "Tenderness toward all creatures." It is a picture of what Eliphaz says shall take place

with the righteous man: "Thou shalt be in league with the stones of the field, and the beasts of the field shall be at peace with thee," and it gives a glimpse of that golden age when "the wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid, and the calf and the young lion, and the fatling together, and a little child shall lead them."

There are many who feel no sympathy with the lower animals, and would never seek household pets of their own; but all should cherish regard for them on grounds of principle and duty. The world was made for them as well as for us, and we should allow them to live and be happy within their natural domain. They have their rights; and we should deal with them according to the golden rule. Especially should we be just and kind to those which we hold as property, and which are so dependent upon us for protection and care. St. Paul declares that he who "provides not for his own," has "denied the faith," and although he had one's "own house" especially in mind, he would probably have been willing to give his words a larger meaning, and would have chimed in with that sentiment of Rowland Hill, "I have but a poor opinion of that man's religion whose dog and whose cat are not the better for it."

There are several things which the righteous man will take into account in regarding the life of his beast.

*First.* He will think of him as possessed of intelligence, affections, character, and so entitled to consideration.

It is very difficult to fix the line which separates man from the brute. There is a difference, but who can tell *precisely* what it is? Who can say that what we so glibly call "instinct" is not a lower form of reason? Who dares affirm, without hesitation, that the brute has not a soul distinct from the body, and which lives on after death?

It is certain that the senses and faculties of the higher animals are very much like ours. They see, and hear, and smell; they feel pleasure and pain; they can attend, and acquire knowledge; within limits, they can reason; they seem to appreciate, in some degree, the difference between right and wrong; they are capable of shame and pride, love and hate, fear, courage, self-respect, and fidelity. Can such qualities exist as functions of the body, where there is no soul?

\* \* \* \* \*

The author of "Spare Hours" describes his dogs

with as much particularity as he does his father's ministerial friends, and the sketches of the former are almost as piquant and raucous as those of the latter; and Cowper tells us that each of his hares had a character of its own, and a countenance expressive of it, one being grave and surly, another grateful and affectionate, and the third free and impudent. Probably the same difference would be observed if we could watch closely the very lowest orders of life. Mr. Darwin found that an ant transferred from one hill to another, though of precisely the same kind, was instantly seized as an intruder, and killed, while one that was kept in a bottle of asafetida for twenty-four hours, and returned to its own hill, was recognized and allowed to pass.

\* \* \* \* \*

I do not know whether animals have any future existence or not. It may be that there is room for as many ranks of life in the next world as in this—that there may be, for all, some compensation there for the inequalities suffered here; and the dream of the Indian may prove true that "his faithful dog shall bear him company" to the world of spirits.

*Secondly.* He will regard the service they render him. They live not for themselves but for him, contributing in numberless ways to his support and happiness. The dog guards his property, the cat keeps his premises free from vermin, the poultry supplies his table with food, the ox and the horse perform his work. In all weather and over the roughest roads these patient animals do his bidding, putting forth all their strength, giving up all their time, bearing hard words and blows, never striking for higher wages or fewer working hours, eating thankfully what is set before them, and when they are worn out, yielding up their lives to the master they can serve no longer.

He who enriches himself upon the labor of his animals, and allows them to be over-worked and under-fed, is at once judged to be lacking in gratitude and common humanity.

Plutarch charges it upon Cato the Censor that he turned off his servants when old, like beasts of burden, and then adds, in a strain which our Christian morality could hardly improve: "A good man will take care of his horses and dogs, not only while they are young, but also when old and past service. Thus the people of Athens, when they had finished the temple called Hecatompedon, set at liberty the beasts that had been chiefly employed in that work, suffering them to

pasture at large, free from any further service. \* \* \* The graves of Simon's mares, with which he thrice conquered at the Olympic games, are still to be seen near his tomb. \* \* \* We certainly ought not to treat living creatures like shoes and household goods, which, when worn out with use, are thrown away; were it only to learn benevolence to human kind, we should be merciful to other creatures. For my part, I would not sell even an old ox that had labored for me." The heathen moralist who could write thus, must have been a good man. It was one of the last proofs of Dr. Channing's great-heartedness that he made provision that his favorite horse should be well cared for until it died.

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*Thirdly.* A righteous man will regard the helplessness of his beast. The way in which one treats his inferiors may be taken as a conclusive test of his fitness. He who is all attention and complaisance among his equals but surly and despotic among his servants may be set down at once as not having the whole spirit of a gentleman. It is mean to inflict an injury on those who have no redress. Now the dumb animals are helpless in the hands of their master. He may starve or beat them, or lay upon them burdens beyond their strength, and they may turn upon him a pleading eye, but they can do no more. They cannot procure their own food or shelter, or adjust the ill-fitting harness or shoe. Nobility compels us to give good care to such dependent beings, and forbids any cruelty or neglect.

*Fourthly.* The righteous man will regard the teachings of the Bible in regard to the lower animals.

\* \* \* \* \*

You may go upon the premises of a good man, and you will find all the animals bearing their mute testimony to his goodness. The fat beefeves in his stall, and the glossy, well groomed horse, are the very pictures of content; the fowls gather around him expecting to be fed; the dog runs to him for a kind word and a caress; the cat jumps upon his knee and purrs her delight; and the very birds and squirrels build their nests in his yard, and recognize him as a friend. You would expect such a man to be gentle with his wife and children, and full of the milk of human-kindness for all.

The righteous man will regard the life of his beasts, by seeing that they are comfortably housed and fed. That farmer must be lacking in good sense who will keep his calves and his colts in the open air during the winter in order to make them hardy, and he must be narrow-minded and greedy, who will sell his hay, and allow his cattle to shift for themselves. I never could understand how a Christian man can take any comfort in driving a poor lame, melancholy horse, or one so galled that the live flesh winces at every step. It is creditable to human nature that such a disabled animal is usually regarded as a disgrace to its owner.

There is a great deal of cruelty inflicted upon the horse through *carelessness*. There is the constant jerking of the rein which galls his mouth and keeps him in a fret; there is the clumsy harness and the frosted bit, the cold, dark, offensive stable, the heavy loads, the irregular feeding, and the thoughtless blows. Many will drive a long distance without allowing a stop for breath or water, and then give their horses into the hands of some lazy hostler who is sure to stint them in grooming and grain.

The tight cheek-rein to the carriage horse, which has a light load, and is out for a short time, may be but a slight annoyance; but upon the draught horse it is simply barbarous. If a man has a load to draw he puts his head down, and exerts his strength by means of his weight; and so does the horse, when moving freely. If his head is tied back to his shoulders he must simply push with his muscles at a great disadvantage, to say nothing of the pain felt from his neck being strained in such an unnatural position. You will sometimes see a fine horse chafing and foaming, and tossing his

(Continued on page 48.)

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

"I would not Number on my List of Friends, etc."

Just so, my Cowper, open heart and purse

For all poor voiceless creatures, tongue and pen,

Precept and action, sympathy and verse,

For all dumb sufferers, crush'd by thoughtless men.

And Shakspeare, too, warbling his wild wood-notes,

A soul as lightning keen, clear, sharp and true,

Tells us that mercy's quality unrestrained floats

From heaven on all beneath, like gentle dew.

Old Scotia's plough-boy bard, stops with alarm,

Fearing to do some harmless creature wrong,

Checking his team to shield a mouse from harm,

Catching a theme for an immortal song.

The cautious foot, light touch, and heart aglow,

Whose pity-moistened glances round him fall,

Heaven's royal signet beaming on his brow,

Friend, nurse and champion, pride and lord of all.

G. M. W.

A CALIFORNIA correspondent tells us that as the steamer upon which Senator Cameron was making a tour of the harbor of San Francisco was passing between Goat Island and the city front, a dog was discovered midway in the stream swimming from the island toward the city wharves. Mr. Cameron's sympathies were aroused in behalf of the poor brute, and at his request the steamer was stopped, a boat lowered, and the dog taken on board. The senator was so pleased with the pluck and intelligence of the dog that he adopted the animal, and will take him East on his return. He is, we suppose, what might be called a "lucky dog."

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Seal Anecdote.

When H. M. S. "Zealous" was off Vancouver's Island in 1869, the captain and one of the midshipmen bought two young seals from a native canoe that came alongside. They were so very young that they had to be fed on milk, out of an old soda-water bottle, which they sucked through a bit of wash-leather tied round the cork. At this time they were about three feet long, and soon became the most affectionate little creatures imaginable. The midshipman used to keep this bottle inside the breast pocket of his coat, and directly he came on deck the little seal would flap along the gangway to him as fast as it could go, and when taken up in its master's arms would make a noise like a child, and at once poke its nose inside the coat to try and get at the bottle. We used to take him down the cuddy and put him into the water, when he would swim about for a long time, and then come back to be taken up and put to bed, which consisted of some wet swabs in the gangway. The poor little thing, however, was not in his element, and died after a week or ten days. The captain's was more fortunate, and managed to survive his brother three weeks or more, during which time he became wonderfully tame, his master never showing himself on deck but what the seal would make desperate efforts to get to him, while making the before mentioned childish cry. He also was kept on milk, but used to live in the main chains (a sort of platform outside the ship abreast of each mast), and when he wanted a swim he used to roll off notwithstanding the height was at least seventeen feet. The noise of the splash always attracted the attention of the officer of the watch, or quartermaster, who generally used to look out for him; and after his swimming about round the ship he would come to the accommodation ladder to be taken up and put to bed. A boat hardly ever left the ship but what this affectionate little animal would follow it, and after waiting till it left the shore swim after it on board. He was a source of great amusement to us, and we used to lean over the ship's sides to watch his gambols in the water alongside.—*Animal World.*

*An Extraordinary Faculty in Dogs.*

Mr. Burton states that an English gentleman, who is very fond of farming, and a large breeder of sheep, was much struck with the sagacity of the Highland collies, and on leaving the country he took home a very fine one for the purpose of introducing some of the right sort of blood into our own mongrel breed of sheep-dogs. The dog was carried by his new master from Inverness by coach to Glasgow, shut in a sort of cage, so constructed that he could not possibly see anything but the sky, the cage being open at the top only.

After passing a night at Glasgow, he was conveyed next morning, in the same cage, down the Clyde, and with his master proceeded by steamer to Liverpool, landed there, and in due course of time was taken on, still shut up in the cage, to his destination in the country.

Here, of course, he was much admired, and did his work well, until about three weeks after his arrival, when he was suddenly missed. After the lapse of a little time, it was heard that a dog answering the description of the advertisement had been seen wandering about the docks at Liverpool for several days, but no one knew what had become of him. A short time afterwards a letter arrived from the old shepherd in Scotland, informing the gentleman who had purchased the dog that he had actually found his way back, unaided and alone, to his old master's shealing.

Another instance is given of the same extraordinary faculty in dogs. Colonel Hardy, being sent for express to Bath, was accompanied by a favorite spaniel in his chaise, which he never quitted till his arrival there. After remaining there four days, he accidentally left his spaniel behind, and returned to his residence at Springfield, in Essex, with equal expedition, where, in three days after, his faithful and steady adherent arrived also, notwithstanding the distance between that place and Bath is one hundred and forty miles, and she had to explore her way through London, to which she had never been but in her passage to Bath, and then within the confines of a close carriage.

Mr. Morris states that "on the 19th of May, 1834, a party who had been living at Quedgeley, within two miles of Gloucester, sailed from Bristol to New York, intending to settle in one of the Western States of America. They took with them a wire-haired terrier. The distance from Quedgeley to Bristol is twenty-seven miles. From New York they proceeded in steam-boat up the Hudson to Albany, 190 miles; thence to Schenectady, fifteen miles, by railroad; to Syracuse, 140 miles, by tow-boat. In the hurry of disembarking at Syracuse the dog was missed, and all trace of her was lost. Some time after arriving at their destination, one of the party wrote to his father, and, amongst other things, mentioned the loss of the dog, which animal, at the moment the letter arrived at Quedgeley, was lying down in front of the kitchen fire of the house she had been originally taken from, having been absent from her original home ten months. It is conjectured that she found her way back to New York, and thence to Bristol, but how or in what ship is a matter of doubt; that she did make this extraordinary tour is beyond the slightest question.—*Animal World.*

♦♦♦  
A CARLOAD of poultry, which was probably alive when it left Chicago, arrived here last week. About two thousand chickens, ducks and geese were crammed into a space in which many of them were suffocated or starved before they reached this city, and the car was not unpacked until several days after its arrival. The agent of the S. P. C. A. found two hundred dead fowls among the mass, and almost all the rest in a sick and emaciated condition. He reports that there was a rapid slaughter of the sick and dying, last Friday, evidently in anticipation of the following market day. The owner was arrested and bound over to answer. We are sorry to say the grand jury ignored the bill.—*Phila. Paper.*

## Our Dumb Animals.

### *Shooting Cats.*

A correspondent of the "Salem Gazette" complains of the wilful shooting of quite a number of these "cherished inmates of households," in that city, although they had not trespassed on the premises of the "shooter." The writer calls attention to the danger to the lives of persons in that vicinity from the shooting, and to the illegality and cruelty of the proceeding.

He adds: "If I was disposed to deal in this matter with anything but fact and right, it would be easy to quote sentiment in defence of the cats from the master-writers of the English tongue. Near three centuries ago Shakspeare put into the mouth of Shylock, the phrase 'a harmless, necessary cat.' Gray, the author of the famous Elegy in the Country Churchyard, wrote also a tender lament upon the 'Drowning of his Favorite Cat in a Tub of Goldfishes,' and pictures how 'She called on every watery god, how Tom and Susan did not heed her cries, ascribes their neglect to jealousy, and concludes his elegy with the poetic aphorism,

'A favorite has no friend.'

"Our own Edward Everett, when accused of luxurious life, replied that he never rode, kept no horse, and had only one domestic animal, a cat, that was a poor mouser.

"I confess myself one of the bereaved of a feline friend who it was observed knew the sound of the railroad train which should fetch me to town each night and ran to meet me. And for the sake of good neighborhood, I hope they whose duty it is to punish violations of the law, will see right done and the innocents avenged."

### *Buffaloes and Tigers.*

The buffalo is, by nature, a terrible enemy to the tiger, which it often masters. When a buffalo is surprised by a tiger, other buffaloes hurry to its assistance and put the enemy to flight. We read that a buffalo herdsman once ran to the assistance of a man, who was attacked by a tiger, whereupon the tiger left its first booty and fell upon the herdsman. No sooner did the herd see their leader in danger than they rushed upon the tiger and threw him into the air with their horns. The princes of India take advantage of the enmity between these animals, making them fight for their amusement.

L. B. U.

### *Power of Kindness.*

A driver, belonging to the Great Northern Railway goods station, had occasion to pass up the Quadrant Road highway, New York, to deliver a package. On approaching one of the houses, he was seen by a lady in the window, who immediately said to some friends staying with her:

"Here comes the kind driver; do come and see what power he has over his horses."

The friends accordingly came to the window, when Benjamin Smithson, the driver in question, was asked by the lady to "shake hands" with his horses. With great good humor he at once complied. Standing in front of the pair of horses, he called out:

"Tom, shake hands."

Instantly the near horse lifted up his right foot. After a shake, the driver said:

"Now, Tom, the other foot."

Up went the foot instantly. The driver then went in front of the other horse, when a similar scene occurred.

Perhaps, however, the most pleasing incident remains to be told. Retreating backward several yards from the horses, he cried out:

"Now, Tom, turn round and come on."

Instantly the horses pulled away at their load, turned the van round, without the slightest need of so much as the crack of a whip, and followed the clever driver, as the dog would the shepherd.

Such an instance shows clearly how much can be done with animals; but especially with the horse, simply by the power of kindness.—*Detroit Advertiser.*

### [For Our Dumb Animals.]

#### S O N N E T

*On finding a hang-bird's nest.*

BY ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

Who taught thee, curious builder, thy fine art?  
Who taught thee thus to interweave each thread;  
Now in, now out? Twould puzzle wiser head  
To weave such fabric, perfect in each part,  
With dainty tailoring, so alert and smart,  
And skilful knot, and end so deftly hid:  
A royal couch, a fair aesthetic bed,  
All silken lined to bless thy dear mate's heart.  
I missed thy *jubelant* song that swept  
From vale to woodland, echoing far and near,  
As if the Sprites of air their revel kept,—  
Thou didst forget thy song in lowlier cheer  
Of home. Thou hast in golden silence slept,  
And thy Love-Idyl left suspended here.

◆◆◆

A GENTLEWOMAN who lives in St. Mark's Place, New York city, says the New York Observer, owns a pure-bred Spanish spaniel, which some time ago evinced a musical talent. One day its mistress was singing, "No one to love," and was surprised at hearing the dog join in the song; and turning round she saw it standing on its hind feet, endeavoring to keep time with the music. Taking it in her lap she resumed the song, and the dog, sitting on its haunches, with its forepaws on her neck, threw his head back and began to howl, keeping perfect time with her, stopping to take breath when she stopped, taking up a new strain when she commenced. The dog seems to have taken such a fancy to this song that it is impossible to persuade it to join in when any other is being sung; in fact, it manifests great uneasiness at hearing any other, but immediately on the striking up of the well-known strains its agitation ceases, and, wagging its tail with joy, it joins in the song.

### *A Wise Ant.*

A gentleman of Cambridge one day observed an ant dragging along a wifat, with respect to the creature's strength, might be called a log of timber. Others were severally employed, each in its own way. Presently the ant in question came to an ascent, when the weight of the wood seemed for a while to overpower him. He did not remain long perplexed with it, for three or four others, observing his dilemma, came behind and pushed it up. As soon, however, as he got it on level ground, they left it to his care, and went to their own work. The piece he was drawing was considerably thicker at one end than the other. This soon threw the poor fellow into fresh difficulty; he unhappily dragged it between two bits of wood. After several fruitless efforts, finding it would not go through, he adopted the mode that a man in similar circumstances would have taken: he came behind it, pulled it back and turned it on its edge, when, running again to the other end, it passed through without difficulty.

### *Queer Things About Bees.*

The poppy-bee makes her nest in the ground, burrowing down about three inches. At the bottom, she makes a large, round hole, and lines it splendidly with the scarlet leaves of the poppy. She cuts and fits the pretty tapestry, till it is thick and soft and warm, then partly fills the cell with honey, lays an egg, folds down the red blankets, and closes up the hole, so it cannot be distinguished; and there in its rosy cradle, with food to eat, and a safe nook to rest in, she leaves her baby-bee to take care of itself. The leaf-cutting bee makes her cells of green leaves, shaping them like thimbles. These little jars she half fills with a rose-colored paste of honey and pollen from thistles, lays her eggs, and covers the pots with round leaf-lids, that fit it exactly. The mason-bee makes its nest of mud or mortar. It looks like a bit of dirt sticking to a wall, but has little cells within. The mother bee does all the work, sticking little grains of sand and earth together with her glue.—*Merry's Museum.*

### *Storks.*

A pair of storks built a nest on one of the chimneys of a mansion near Berlin. Having a curiosity to inspect it, the owner climbed up, and found in it one egg, which, being about the size of a goose's egg, was replaced by one belonging to that bird. The storks seemed not to notice the exchange, but no sooner was the egg hatched than the male bird, perceiving the difference, rose from the nest, and flying round it several times with loud screams, disappeared, and was not seen again for three days, during which time the female continued to tend her offspring as usual. Early on the fourth morning, however, the inmates of the house were disturbed by loud and discordant cries in the field fronting the house, when they perceived about five hundred storks assembled in a dense body, and one standing about twenty yards before the rest, apparently haranguing its companions, who stood listening to all appearance with great emotion. When this bird had concluded its speech, and another took its place, and seemed to address them in a similar manner. This proceeding and noise was repeated by several successive birds until about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, when the whole flock simultaneously arose in the air uttering dismal cries. The female all this time was observed to remain on her nest, watching their motions with apparent trepidation. In a short time the body of storks made towards her, headed by one bird, supposed to be the male, who struck her vehemently three or four times, and knocked her out of the nest; the whole mass then followed the attack, until they had not only destroyed the female stork (who made no attempt either to escape or defend herself), but the young gosling, and utterly removed every vestige of the nest itself. Since that time no stork has been known to build there.

This anecdote appears to demonstrate a power of combination and a kind of moral government among storks which will startle readers who have hitherto believed that the lower animals are destitute of mental capacity.—*Morris's Animal Satirist.*

I REMEMBER some years ago, travelling through the forests of the Hartz Mountains, that my attention was attracted in a certain district of the forest to the fact that the trees had already lost their foliage, although we were only in early summer. Looking nearer, I found the ground and the trees covered by millions on millions of May chafer, all busy at the work of devastation. On inquiring of an old forester as to the cause of this phenomenon he informed me that the chafer develop in such vast numbers once in three years, and that the birds of the forest had been destroyed by the bird catchers to such an extent, as to disturb the equilibrium in natural life which is usually found where Nature herself has the care of her domains.

AFTER a shower, a few days since, a number of rats were seen to go down the roof of the old Cowe & Hatheway Hotel, West Brookfield, to the eave-trough to drink. A party watching their movements counted twenty-one, and among them an old rat, with five young ones, approached the spout, the old mother holding a straw in her mouth, and the five little ones each held the straw, and were led in this manner to the edge and placed in a row. The old one then takes the first one, winding her tail around it, letting it down to the water, then placing it on the right in the row of small rats. Then she takes the one at the left, and letting it down to drink, places it to the right again, and so on with the whole; after which they all take hold of the straw, and the mother takes the straw in her mouth and leads them back to their hole.

DESERVE friends and you will have them. The world is teeming with kind-hearted people, and you have only to carry a kind, sympathetic heart in your own bosom to call out goodness and friendliness from others.

# Our Dumb Animals.

## Our Dumb Animals.

Boston, November, 1874.

### Public Meeting.

All members of the General Committee, and all friends of the Fair, from all parts of the State, are invited to meet at Horticultural Hall, Boston, on Wednesday, Nov. 11, at 11, A. M., to inaugurate measures for the success of the Fair and to hear reports of progress. Additions to the General Committee can be made at that time. Let us have a meeting full of encouragement.

### Corrections Wanted.

Doubtless there have been many changes, in residence and otherwise, among the members of the General Committee of our former fair, of which we have not been apprised. We have already learned of the death and removal of quite a number, and, as it is our desire to perfect the list before publishing it, we earnestly request each lady, who has not already done so, to notify us of any such changes at once. Many ladies have not responded to our circular, doubtless upon the understanding, as stated in the circular, that an acceptance would be presumed if no response was received. But any lady who receives this marked copy, and has failed to receive her notice of appointment, or is not willing to serve, will please notify us immediately.

### Home-Made Preserves and Pickles.

It seems desirable to sell a part of the above named articles in advance of the Fair, as the season for using them is approaching. Orders are already being filled and will be received at our office at any time, where samples can be seen.

But to accommodate everybody there will be a PUBLIC SALE at Horticultural Lower Hall, on the day of the public meeting (named above), Nov. 11, from 10 to 3 o'clock.

Friends desiring to contribute to this department may forward their contributions at once, if ready. But if not received in season they will be disposed of at or before the Fair.

As Thanksgiving will be near at hand, this sale will give an opportunity to make satisfactory preparations for that occasion!

### Thanksgiving Sermons.

We publish in other columns a part of a Thanksgiving sermon on our subject, hoping other clergymen in Massachusetts may be induced to take our coming "Home Festival" as an occasion to remind their hearers of their duty to animals, whose devotion and affection deserve our gratitude and ought to promote a spirit of thanksgiving.

Will friends suggest this to their several pastors?

MR. ANGELL lectured, on Oct. 23d, before the Connecticut State Teachers' Association at New Haven, on "The Importance and Methods of Teaching Kindness and Merciful Treatment of Dumb Animals." He would be glad to deliver the same lecture before all State Teachers' Associations and Normal Schools of New England.

WHAT you keep by you, you can change and mend, but words once spoken you can never recall.

### OUR FAIR.

#### *Another Change of Time.*

After repeated discussions, it has been finally determined to commence our fair, *Monday, February 22d, and continue it through that week*, and perhaps into the next.

The Executive Committee regretted to make these changes, but the necessity of the case demanded it.

The Executive Committee have taken hold in earnest, and with the time given to our friends to prepare, there seems no good reason why a fair may not be a success.

In the mean time we have issued the following circular to about fifteen hundred ladies in different parts of the State:

### FAIR CIRCULAR.

46 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON, Oct. 14, 1874.

DEAR MADAM: The second fair in aid of the MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS, will take place February 22, at HORTICULTURAL HALL, in BOSTON, and continue several days. The success of our first Fair, in 1871, prompts us to hope for similar good fortune now.

To insure a wide-spread interest, we should like to have members of our "General Committee" in every city and town in the State. Twelve hundred ladies served on this committee at the former Fair, and a still larger number is desirable for the coming one, so that each village and each church in every town shall be represented. Of course it is not in the power of every lady to give much time to the work, but we hope none will refuse us the influence of her name; but all will give aid and advice to the friends of the Society within their reach.

A half day devoted to this work may accomplish much, as the products of every factory and every mechanic's shop, every farm and every garden, every dairy and every kitchen, and the contents of every store and every purse, and every kind of needle-work can contribute to the success of the Fair. All vegetables and fruits, poultry, eggs, butter and cheese, preserves and pickles, will find ready sale. Many of these articles may, if preferred, be sent prior to the Fair, and be disposed of in anticipation. You can readily see that a small contribution from every town in the State will, in the aggregate, make a successful Fair.

But the object of this circular is to ask you to permit the use of your name as one of the General Committee, and to request you to suggest the names of such other ladies as will be willing to confer the same favor. Our former list was quite imperfect in many towns, and as we have been unable to keep up a correspondence with the ladies since, doubtless many changes have taken place of which we have no knowledge, and many were not named whose aid would be valuable.

We therefore urge every lady to help us to perfect this list, that we may obtain a committee of five or more in each town. A conference among the nominees may be useful. Please send us notice of changes or errors of any kind, and other suggestions will be gladly received.

If you consent to serve, papers and documents will be sent you from time to time till the close of the Fair. If a declination is not received we shall venture to presume you will serve. If circumstances forbid, please nominate a substitute, as it is desirable to report the list at a public meeting to be held as soon as practicable; after which, a printed list of the entire committee will be furnished to each member.

We beg to commend this matter to your prompt and favorable consideration. Per order,

FRANK B. FAY, Sec'y.

LET US have more volunteers for our General Committee.

### *Death of a Vice-President.*

We are called upon to announce the death of another Vice-President of our Society, Dr. N. B. Shurtleff, who has been an officer of the Society from its organization. He was mayor of Boston when the Society was formed, and through the police he commended it to the special favor of the citizens, and since that time he has always felt and expressed an earnest regard for its success.

ANOTHER distinguished friend of our cause in Europe, Herr Zimmerman, of the Society at Breslau, has recently died.

WE are pleased to announce the marriage of John Colam, Esq., Secretary of the Royal Society P. C. A. of London, to Miss Ahlers, daughter of Herr W. Ahlers, Burgomaster, and President of the Society P. C. A., New Brandenburg, Prussia.

### Pigeon Shoots.

An opportunity has occurred for us to test the law on this practice, and a member of the Tremont Shooting Club will be soon brought to trial. It is fair to say that the club are willing to have the law tested, and we trust they will cease to offend when the law is vindicated. We are entirely confident that the practice is a cruel one and shall use our best efforts to prove it so before the courts.

### Baiting Horses in the Street.

This matter, to which we alluded last month, has been thoroughly considered by the Board of Aldermen. A hearing took place, a few weeks since, before a committee of the board, at which many teamsters appeared and our Society was represented. The hardship of depriving the horses of their dinners, or in compelling the owners to send them to their stables, three or four miles distant, was apparent, and it will result, doubtless, in an ordinance permitting licensed teamsters to feed on their "stands," with proper precautions. But transient parties, who ought to "put up" their horses, will not be permitted the privilege of street-feeding.

### "The Vag of his Tail."

A gentleman was walking with his little boy at the close of the day, and in passing the cottage of a German laborer the boy's attention was attracted to the dog. It was not a King Charles, nor a black and tan, but a common cur. Still, the boy took a fancy to him and wanted "pa" to buy him. Just then the owner of the dog came home from his labors and was met by the dog with every demonstration of dog joy. The gentleman said to the owner, "My little boy has taken a fancy to your dog, and I will buy him. What do you ask for him?" "I can't sell dat dog!" said the German. "Look here," said the gentleman "that is a poor dog anyway, but as my boy wants him, I will give you five dollars for him." "Yaaas," says the German, "I knows he is a werry poor dog, and he aint wort almost nottin, but dere ish von leetle ding mid dat dog vot I can't sell. I can't sell de vag of his tail ven I comes home at night."

There is a sentiment in this anecdote which will suggest grateful thoughts to many an owner of a dog valuable to no one else. Such demonstrations are quite as acceptable and quite as reliable as the spoken affection of some friends.

FIVE more subscribers in each town in the State would make our paper self-supporting.

**"The Greyhound, Bobolink."**

It is often said, that greyhounds have no attachment for persons; but a friend of our society who has owned them, contends that this is an error. He says the reason why they appear not to have this attachment, is "because it is not cultivated." Small dogs are petted, caressed, taken into the lap, and in various ways affection is exhibited, while with dogs like the greyhound, which is kept almost entirely for coursing in England, such demonstrations are not to be expected, for the affections are not drawn out. This thought may prove a lesson to some parents in their relations with their children, and to many owners of animals not belonging to the canine race. Our friend who is a dear lover of dogs, says they can do almost anything but talk, but on the whole, he is rather glad they have not the use of our language, "for their silence is charming." They manifest their affection in ways that are reliable, while words are often full of deception.

But to "Bobolink." He was a greyhound, devotedly attached to his master, following him everywhere when permitted. But, one summer, our friend went to Nahant, ten miles east of the city, while the dog was sent to Waltham, as far the other way. During the whole summer, the hound remained faithfully where he was sent, never once coming to his home in Boston. But at the end of the season when his master returned, the dog arrived within an hour afterward. Whether invisible wires told him of his master's arrival, or whether some one in his hearing had said "his master was coming back to Boston to-day," can never be known, but it has always seemed a matter of wonder, and not a coincidence, that he should have come home, *for the first time*, at the very hour of his master's arrival.

Dogs find their way home, hundreds of miles, over unknown roads, by some power of divination, not possessed by men; why not, then, feel the presence of a loved master ten miles away?

**Right or Left.**

James Freeman Clarke, in an article entitled "Have Animals Souls," published in the "Atlantic," relates the following:—

"On Sunday I have been in the habit of driving to Boston to church; but on other days I drive to the neighboring village, where are the post-office, shops of mechanics, and other stores. To go to Boston, I usually turn to the right when I leave my driveway; to go to the village, I turn to the left. Now, on Sunday, if I leave the reins loose, so that the horse may do as he pleases, he invariably turns to the right, and goes to Boston. On other days he as invariably turns to the left, and goes to the village. He does this so constantly and regularly that none of the family have any doubt of the fact that he knows that it is Sunday; how he knows it we are unable to discover. I have left my house at the same hour on Sunday and on Monday, in the same carriage, and the same number of persons in it, and yet on Sundays he always turns to the right, and on Mondays to the left. He is fed at the same time on Sunday as on other days, but the man comes back to harness him a little later on Sunday than at other times, and that is possibly his method of knowing that it is the day for going to Boston. But see how much of observation, memory, and thought is implied in all this."

**He who expects a friend without faults will never find one.**

**Steel Pigeons for Shooting Matches.**

The ostensible object of pigeon shooting as carried on by the various clubs, is to keep the hand of the sportsman in form during the close season, so that his skill as a shot may not suffer for want of practice during the months when legitimate sport is unobtainable, and with this end in view it has of late years made rapid strides in public favor; but at the same time it has objectionable phases, which cause many sportsmen to stand aloof from it, one being the enormous expense attending a day's pigeon shooting, and the other, the wholesale slaughter of birds from traps. This latter objection is, perhaps, the more serious and most difficult to overcome, it being necessary, in order that it may be of use as a practice, to have the object to be shot at on the wing. Mr. G. C. Bussey, a gentleman interested in guns and shooting, has for some time past had his attention directed to the matter, and the result is the perfection of mechanical appliances, which will afford unlimited sport at a comparatively small cost, without the use of live birds, thus removing the two obstacles to gun practice at this season of the year. The invention, which is called the "gyro-pigeon," consists of a steel fan in the form of the toy known as the aerial top, which rises from a rotary motion given to it by the string. The invention was lately exhibited and tested at the museum of firearms, Ryelane, Peckham; and to judge from its performances on that occasion, it is likely to save the lives of many persons in the future, so far as the gun is concerned; for although the *penchant* for taking life may in some cases tell against it, the *argumentum ad crumenam* is always strong, and will doubtless have its effect. The cost of the "gyro," with all its fittings, sufficient for 600 shots, is, in the first instance, £3 (say \$15), but after their first cost the expense is even more trifling, eighteen-pence (forty cents) being the price for enough for six dozen shots; that is, assuming that the person shooting has sufficient skill not only to hit his bird nearly every time but to pour the entire charge into it so as absolutely to shatter the steel. The "gyro" in its flight exhibits innumerable vagaries, going off with the steady flight of a pigeon, resting on the wing like a hawk, or darting swiftly forward in a straight line like a snipe, thus affording the very best practice for the education of the hand and eye of the shooter. Upon these grounds, and upon the ground of humanity, the invention deserves to succeed. An evidence of the manner in which it is likely to be appreciated is to be found in the fact that a "Gyro" Shooting Club has already been formed.—*London Standard*.

Has any club in this country tried this invention, and with what result?—ED.

**Plymouth (N. H.) Society.**

[Organized October 12, 1874.]

*President, W. F. Langdon; Vice-President, Rev. Otis Cole; Secretary, Geo. H. Adams; Treasurer, Rev. G. H. Scott; Prosecuting Committee, A. Burleigh, S. A. Farland, Prof. H. O. Ladd.*

This list of officers contains the name of the principal of the State normal school, clergymen of different denominations, and other influential citizens.

**No Whip.**

In a recent description of Rev. Mr. Murray's horses at Guilford, Conn., a writer says: "They seemed to love him, obey him, and caress him." "All the stud of thirty or forty horses were gentle and kind; *not one of them had ever been struck with a whip* since he had owned them."

A MAN has been sentenced to two months imprisonment in London for setting a dog upon a cat and allowing him to worry her till she was killed.

**CASES INVESTIGATED**

BY BOSTON AGENTS IN OCTOBER.

Whole number of complaints, 72, viz.: Overworking, 3; overdriving, 2; beating, 1; driving when lame and galled, 23; failing to provide proper food and shelter, 6; torturing, 4; driving when diseased, 2; cruelty in transportation, 1; mutilating pigeon, 1; general cruelty, 24.

Remedied without prosecution, 41; not substantiated, 16; not found, 5; under investigation, 2; prosecuted, 8; convicted, 6; pending, 2.

Animals killed, 29; temporarily taken from work, 27.

**BY COUNTRY AGENTS, THIRD QUARTER, 1874.**

Whole number of complaints, 415, viz.: Beating, 50; overloading, 48; over-driving, 61; working when lame or galled, 116; working when diseased, 25; not providing food or shelter, 44; torturing, 15; abandoning, 16; general cruelty, 40.

Not substantiated, 27; remedied without prosecution, 315; prosecuted, 33; convicted, 29; animals killed, 38; temporarily taken from work, 23.

**FINES.**

From *Justice's Courts*.—Shelburne Falls, \$1; Westfield, \$5; Watertown (paid at House of Correction), \$30; Belcherstown, \$10; Hudson (3 cases), \$35.

*Police Courts*.—Chelsea, \$2.

*Municipal Courts*.—Boston (3 cases), \$115; Highland District, \$5; Brighton District (4 cases), \$24.

*District Courts*.—First Essex, Salem (2 cases), \$25.

*Superior Courts*.—Suffolk (2 cases), \$70.

Witness fees, \$4.80.

**RECEIPTS BY THE SOCIETY LAST MONTH.**

[All sums of money received by the Society during the past month appear in this column, with the names, so far as known, of the persons giving or paying the same. If remittances or payments to us or our agents are not acknowledged in this column, parties will please notify the Secretary at once; in which case they will be acknowledged in the next paper. Donors are requested to send names or initials with their donations.]

**MEMBERS AND DONORS.**

Florence Lyman, \$100; Mrs. James O. Curtis, \$5; W. B. C. Persons, \$5; W. L. Fitts, \$2; Mrs. Sam'l Goddard, \$5; Julia Goddard, \$5; Eliza Jenkins, \$25; H. O. H., \$4; Mrs. Munroe Freeman, \$1; S. H. Hussey, \$5; Mrs. Chas. S. Rogers, \$1; H. C. Davis, \$1.10; H. H. Sturges, \$25; Susie M. Ransom, \$5.

**SUBSCRIBERS, ONE DOLLAR EACH.**

C. Copeland, N. C. Poor, F. D. Brigham, Ezra Abbott, David W. Patrick, Sam'l B. Morse, J. P. Knowles, George Houghton, Oscar Withill, A. M. Brown, B. F. Burgess & Son, Braman, Shaw & Co., N. D. Thurber, Benjamin Dexter, P. P. Wetherell, Wm. H. Ford, John B. Chandler, George O. Smith, C. J. Blake, Edward Bates, Mrs. S. K. Roberts, Henry Perrin, Wm. E. Hunt, Ralph Hobill, Mrs. B. H. Greene, Mrs. Nath'l Stevens, P. R. Gifford, Samuel Little, Wm. H. Bryant, zinc Collar Pad Co., C. L. Heywood, Rufus Ellis, Jr., Mrs. Joel Barnard, H. O. H., Mrs. Munroe Freeman, Lydia Nichols, W. H. Slater, Mary L. Keith, Frank O. Wellington, L. B. Smith, Samuel Ford, H. C. Davis, Eben Snow.

"Acushnet," \$5; Helen Willard, \$2; E. Dana, \$2; New Bedford—no signature, \$1.

**Another Hunting Match.**

Tuesday, forty of the citizens of Spencer, in two parties of twenty each, enjoyed a grand hunt under the leadership of Rev. Mr. Shorey and John Boyden. From 6 o'clock in the morning until 6 at night the woods around Spencer and the adjoining towns rung with the reports of their guns as squirrels and birds were slaughtered, without mercy's due respect being paid, however, to the game laws of the State. In the evening, the weary and hungry hunters gathered at the Massasoit Hotel to enjoy a supper, furnished by the party which had secured the least number of points. After counting the great heaps of chipmunks and other rare animals, it was decided that Mr. Boyden's party should dine at the expense of Mr. Shorey's, they having secured 5,090 points to their opponents' 3,410. Mr. Boyden headed the score with 930 points. After enjoying the excellent supper provided by Mr. Woodbury, the courage of the vanquished party revived and they challenged their opponents to another trial within four weeks—chipmunks to be barred out.

The Spencer business men had a successful, jolly hunting party on Tuesday. Upward of 150 chipmunks were murdered, and other game in proportion, the beaten side paying for an evening supper at the Massasoit Hotel.

The friend who sends us these two extracts, from country papers, calls our attention to the fact that a "Reverend" was the leader of one of the shooting parties. Men call these matches "sport," and think they enjoy a supper "after counting the chipmunks!"

**CRUELTY** is a draft upon humanity all are too poor to pay.

## Our Dumb Animals.

## Children's Department.

*"Please Give Me a Drink."*

"During a pleasant tour in Scotland, in 1869, I witnessed on the pier at Dunoon, an interesting sight, which afforded great pleasure to not a few. A fine dog was on the pier, close by the side of the Glasgow steamer. He had, I believe, just before, been taken from a small steamer, and was waiting for his further passage on another boat. On patting the pretty animal he held up his head, when I immediately noticed a label, on which I read the words, 'Please, give me a drink!'

"No sooner had attention been called to this appeal—evidently attached to the dog's neck by a kind-hearted and thoughtful owner—than a group of ladies and children gathered around us, and willing hands and feet were in instant requisition to provide a supply of water. One of the porters, evidently with a tender heart under his jacket, promptly brought a tin filled with water, which was quickly drunk by the thirsty animal, whose face said, as plainly as dog can say, 'Thank you!' Several of the ladies, I found, were to be fellow-passengers with the dog, and many were the assurances from my fair friends that master doggie should have every attention during the voyage, and should not suffer from the want of either food or water."—From the "Children's Friend," published by S. Partridge & Co., London.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

*Johnnie and his Dog.*

"Do I love my doggie?" what a man  
To ask such question of me;  
Doggie will tell you, well I can,  
Just you try it on and see.  
He and I are best of chums,  
And always ready for a spree;  
I feeds him with the nicest crumbs,  
I love doggie and doggie loves me.

"What I take for him?" Now look here,  
P'rhaps you've got lots of money;  
But you can't buy him, never fear,  
Of this little barefoot sonny.  
He's my doggie; that's so, even,  
And your dollar—one—two—free—  
Won't buy him; he was given,  
And I love doggie and doggie loves me.

"What's he good for?" Do you know,  
He can do a heap o' things;  
He can "beg" and "roll over," so,  
And bring the stick I flings.  
He's good for so great deal too,  
I can't 'member half you see;  
No, sir; I can't "give him to you,"  
For I love doggie and doggie loves me.

*"PLEASE GIVE ME A DRINK."*

"Isn't very pretty dog?" That you say;  
But I can't help it you see;  
God made him just this one way,  
Same's he made you and me.  
Poor doggie! I thinks you're handsome,  
"Handsome is that does," and he—  
He, I know is good, now come;  
I love doggie and doggie loves me.

Noble Johnnie! true and steadfast,  
Gentle with kindness to the brute;  
You shall reap where you have cast,  
Richer harvest, though it's mute,  
Than stalwart men who tyrannize,  
And practice cruelties;  
And in our innocent hearts we prize  
The example shown in this.

BROOKS, ME.

J. W. LANG.

WHILE a boy in New Bedford was driving a market wagon he was thrown out by careless driving. He was accompanied by a large St. Bernard dog, which ran to him at once. The boy was not hurt and jumped up. The dog, finding that no assistance was required by his human friend, started to save the team from damage, caught the reins in his mouth and succeeded in stopping the horse.

*I Can See the Tears on that Dog's Face.*

I was just telling the boys about Fanny, the little black-and-tan terrier that I once owned. You know that I was always fond of dogs and field sports. Well, away back in 1854, when I lived near the old Mission of San Jose, through my liking, or may be my weakness for them, I got around me a number of canine pets,—more, in fact, than were agreeable to my neighbors, who, in a friendly way, occasionally remonstrated with me on that account. I felt their disapprobation, but to part from any of the faithful and affectionate creatures I could not make up my mind. One day we came home with the trophies of an exhilarating chase; Fanny, who never went on excursions with us, but only hunted small game about the barn and granary, became wild with excitement at our return. Just then, Joe Beard, who never missed an opportunity to make a fling at any of my "pack of mongrels," as he contemptuously characterized my beautiful collection of dogs, came in and said, "John, that dog of yours has gone mad—you must kill her." Now Joe knew that she was not mad; but the apparent earnestness of his manner and language reminded me forcibly of the annoyance my dogs seemed to be giving other people, and having a pretext for the act, without a second thought, I drew my revolver and stepped into the corral. As I entered, Fanny turned her head and stood one foot raised, ready at the sound of the expected signal to come bounding to me. Without a moment's reflection or delay, I fired; a sudden tossing of the

head and fore feet into the air, then bracing herself on all her legs she stood as if transfixed; a whining, despairing moan smote my heart with the painful conviction that I had killed her. I walked up to her, the life-blood was gushing, the tremors of death were creeping over her, and great tear-drops just like human tears rolled from her eyes as she fixed them pleadingly upon me. I spoke her name "Fanny," when with one last effort at fawning, seemingly to ask for help or win a caress, she fell—God forgive me—and died at my feet.

I tell you it was the meanest thing I ever did in my life, I can see the tears on that poor dog's dying face as plainly now after nineteen years as I saw them on that day. Joe Beard made me do it by his gibes and jeers, but I would not do it again for all the leagues of land that he owns.—*Animals' Friend.*

A FAMILY in this town numbers among its pets a one-eyed black and white dog and a pussy yet in her inexperienced kittenhood. The other day the plucky kitten caught a rat in the woodshed and was trying to kill it, but the rat being not very much smaller than herself seemed likely to hold his own in the conflict, when the dog, which had lain quietly by watching the battle with his one eye, deliberately came to the rescue, seized the rat and gave him a shake or two and laid him down at kitty's feet in a condition for her to manage without further difficulty.—*Rockland Gazette.*

[For Our Dumb Animals.]  
**Every-Day Cruelties.**  
 (Continued.)

BY EMMOR COMLEY, BRISTOL, PA.

Hitching up so high to SLEIGHS is another mistake, with little or no load in. When the horse starts, we may observe the tendency of the sleigh to "run into the ground" or snow,—the hinder part tilting up. The old-fashioned sleighs, although heavier, run easier for man and horse, the horse being attached to the runners, very near the ground.

By way of a little illustration, simple though it be, let us suppose a horse hitched up to the *top* of a load of lumber, or a load of hay, several feet high, what would be the result of an effort to pull? Or, for those unaccustomed to the use of a horse, suppose we attempt to move an article of furniture, such as a wardrobe, a book-case, or an old-fashioned "long-clock," do we lay hold at the *top*, or middle, or do we take hold at or near the *bottom*, where the *resistance* is, and which would give us additional weight on the floor?

I regret to see so much use made of what is called "trotting collar" (breastplate—*Ed.*),—a strap for drawing by, suspended at the withers, coming around in front of the breast or chest, and point of shoulders,—which, when in use, has a tendency to contract and cripple the shoulder at that point, and is a fruitful source of making balky horses. This strap may answer for occasional light driving, in case of sore shoulders; but, for general use, it is very doubtful if we can find any thing better than a good leather collar, and *that kept in order*. (The breastplate is much used and much approved in New England, for light carriages.—*Ed.*)

#### THE COLLAR

May justly be considered the most important part of all the harness, although we cannot well dispense with the bridle, saddle, breechings, traces, lines and girt. But many of us are ready and anxious to spare the check-rein and numerous implements of torture and cruelty called *bridle bits*.

Coachmen are apt to feel a pride in the appearance of the teams in their charge, and, with many others, seem not to have gotten rid of the idea, that horses look finer with *heads high*; and, it is to be feared, these coachmen, with or without the knowledge or consent of the owners of the horses, use those cruel, contemptible bits, which have found their way into use, and with the check-rein, a horse may be forced to carry his head up,—in agony for hours together; perhaps with the sun shining full on the eyes, preventing the poor horse from seeing his path, as he travels along; and very likely, in the course of a few months, prevent his seeing *anything else*.

Let us instruct our coachmakers to make no more wagons *for us*, with this elevated front-gear, and let us have lower front wheels, so that the front axle will be much nearer the ground; then let us endeavor to have the draught to come in a direct line from the axletree to the point where the traces are attached to the hames. Coach and wagon-makers will be accommodating; and when this order goes forth,—*no more set-up tongue and shafts*,—we may rely upon it, they will cease to be made. And let us hope the time is near when we shall have a more general regard for the comfort of the horse and mule. Let us give them every advantage in our power to enable them to do the amount of work required, with the greatest possible amount of ease and comfort to them.



In a stable once burned at Albany, a mare, belonging to Mr. Hurst, was tied by a strong halter, farthest from the door, with her head near the spot where the fire originated. After her head and eyes were considerably burned, she broke her halter, jumped over the partition bar, broke open the door and made her escape, and by running to the bake-house gave the first alarm of fire. This fact seems to reverse the rule of action in horses similarly situated.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

#### My Love.

BY BEATRICE.

Dear neighbor of the brownstone house,  
 And dapple grays so fine,  
 What would you give this day to have  
 A loyal love like mine?

Bright-eyed, light-footed is my love,  
 And true as tempered steel,  
 Her heart beats but for me alone,  
 In woe as well as weal.

In darkened chamber do I lie  
 Upon a bed of pain,  
 She seeks for neither sun nor air,  
 Till I get well again.

My faults to her seem virtues rare;  
 With me a dungeon's gloom,  
 To her would seem a perfumed bower  
 Of roses in full bloom.

No, neighbor of the brownstone house,  
 And dapple grays so fine,  
 You have no spell or charm to win  
 This true truelove of mine.

"What is her name?" Names stand for naught;  
 "A rose"—you know the rest;  
 You'd name her "beast," "brute," "dog," I think;  
 I, truest love and best.

#### The Way to Blanket Horses.

But few people, comparatively, understand how to blanket a horse to protect him from contracting cold. We frequently see the blanket folded double, and laid across the rump and a part of the animal's back, leaving those parts of the body that need protection entirely exposed to cold storms and chilling winds.

Those parts of the body of a horse which surround the lungs require the benefit of a blanket in preference to his flanks and rump. When we are exposed to a current of cold air, to guard against any injury from contracting cold we shield our shoulders, neck, chest and back. If these parts be kept protected, the lower part of the body will endure a degree of cold far more intense, without any injury to the body, than if the lungs were not kept warm with suitable covering. The same thing holds in the protection of horses. The blanket should cover the neck, withers and shoulders, and be brought around the breast, and buttoned or buckled together as closely as a man buttons his overcoat, when baring his bosom. Let the lungs of a horse be protected with a heavy blanket, and he will seldom contract cold, even if the hindmost parts of his body are not covered.

We refer more particularly to blanketing horses that have become unusually warm by violent exertion or hard driving, and exposing them to a current of cold air while standing still.

Many of our best teamsters protect the breast of their horses by a piece of heavy cloth about two feet square, hanging down from the lower end of the collar. This is an excellent practice in cold weather, as the most important part of the animal is shielded from the cold wind, especially when travelling toward a strong current. The forward end of the horse blankets should be made to fit as closely around the breast of a horse as our garments fit our bodies.

Most horses will contract a violent cold almost as soon as a man, if not blanketed while they stand still, after having been exercised so violently as to produce profuse perspiration. So long as a horse is kept in motion, there is little danger of his suffering any inconvenience from colds winds. But allow him to stand still for a few moments while loading or unloading, without a heavy blanket to protect his shoulders and lungs, and he will take cold sooner than some men.—*Exchange*.



#### Neglect of Animals in Autumn.

If animals were endowed with speech they would often remonstrate with their owners about the neglect and carelessness with which they are occasionally treated. And though they cannot speak, yet they have a certain mute eloquence in their look, and tell their tale with a force and point that are often more effectual than words. Very often the rough, shaggy, staring coat, the prominent ribs, drooping head, woe-begone countenance and appealing eye, tell a tale as plainly as if it were in print. It tells of hard work, poor feed, exposure to storm and tempest and keenly-biting winds. And yet there may be a tight, snug barn, and stacks of fodder still remaining in the field, while from very thoughtlessness the poor old faithful servant, who has ploughed his master's fields year by year, is permitted to remain in an airy yard or in a barren pasture, with half-filled belly, and sniff with impatient appetite at the fodder just beyond his reach across the fence.

Some farmers seem to think that the fresh air of our October nights, and an occasional wetting with the cold fall rains, are good for the health of their horses, colts, cows or calves, and makes them hardy and vigorous. But this is all wrong. It is unprofitable as well as cruel. Animals exposed to the cold until they are chilled, are stunted in their growth, and gather the seeds of future disease. Warmth saves feed. Cold wastes feed. Stock well housed keep in better condition, on less food, than those left out-doors in rail pens, damp yards or exposed pastures. At this season no stock should be kept out at night nor on stormy days, for the abrupt change from warm, sunny days to cold storms of rain and sleet is too great a shock. Pine boards are in a sense excellent fodder, and a dry bed of straw the best of nutriment. Farmers who consult the comfort of their stock and their own profit will see to it that their stables and sheds are put in good order, loose boards nailed on, doors and roofs made tight, good dry straw furnished for bedding, and that their cattle are comfortably sheltered before the cold winds begin to blow and the first snow of the season flies.—*Am. Agriculturist*.

#### Liberality in Farming.

In this art, and almost in this art alone, "it is the liberal hand which maketh rich."

Liberality in good barns and warm shelters is the source of health, strength and comfort to animal; causes them to thrive on less food, and secures from damage all sorts of crops.

Liberality also in the provision of food for domestic animals is the source of flesh, muscle and manure.

Thus it is in agriculture, as in every part of creation, a wise and paternal Providence has inseparably connected our duty and our happiness.

In raising animals the condition of success is kindness and benevolence towards them.—*Josiah Quincy*.

A SPAN of horses in a small Wisconsin town, which are kept for trading and speculation exclusively, have a little history of their own. They sold in Green Bay for 65 cts. Then they rapidly rose in value until they brought \$5. Excitement running high, and appearance indicating that they would soon be able to stand alone, they were put up at a raffle, and 75 tickets were sold at \$1 each. A Depere man won them, and thought himself lucky, but after feeding them \$10 worth of hay and oats, became discouraged and sold them for 75 cts. The man who got them traded them to a barber for two months shaving, and the barber went out the other day and hanged himself. The result is that the horses are now without a protector.

(Continued from page 42.)

head restlessly, when, if the check were simply unloosed he would travel with cheerfulness and ease. It does not serve as a support or a guard against falling, like a close rein held in the hand, as is plain from the fact that if the animal falls, he will not recover his feet until the check is broken and his head is free. It may be necessary upon young or vicious horses; but in general it is a hurtful appendage which holds its place only through the force of fashion and pride. With a humane man this question ought to settle the matter; if you were a horse yourself would you like to have as close a check-rein upon you as you see on most horses in the street?

*Bad roads* are one of the grievances against which beasts of burden may justly make a remonstrance. A traveller in Europe speaks of the large loads which the horses draw there with ease, because the highways are so smooth and well graded.

The *transportation and slaughter* of animals is a subject which has to be considered on moral as well as sanitary grounds.

It is one of the auspicious signs of the times that new interest has been awakened in the rights and comfort of the dumb animals. The people are in many ways receiving a higher education, and humanity is taking a wider range. In this beneficent task we all ought to have part, doing what we can for the benefit of what some one has called "our poor relations."

And the right place to begin is in the *education of the young*. In the public school the humanities should not be forgotten. In the home especially the children should be initiated into a love for all living creatures. You who are parents should teach your boy that it is a wicked thing to rob a bird's nest, or mutilate or tease or kill any animal, for mere sport; and if you see him torment his pet kitten or transfix a beetle that he may watch it writhing in pain, repress such a disposition, and lead him into a gentler mind. It is indulgence in such practices which makes prize-fighters and other monsters of cruelty; and nations may foster their taste for inhuman sport, until like the Spaniards, they may revel in bull-fights as the grand national games, or like the ancient Romans, may be satisfied with nothing less mild than gladiators shedding each other's blood.

I have not forgotten that this is Thanksgiving day, and that for the many mercies of the year—for the sun and the rain, for food and raiment and general health, for civil order and public prosperity, we have abundant reason to be grateful. But upon these I have not time to dwell. I only ask you to praise the Giver and Disposer of all, that you are *human* beings—not subject to be fattenened and slaughtered that others may feast, nor to be cuffed and kicked by capricious masters, nor to be chased and shot down for the diversion of the hunter, nor to shiver in cold barns and toil wearily over rough roads with no prospect of better lot. Praise Him that He has made you *rulers* in the world, has given you the capacity for indefinite expansion, has made you not to browse upon the earth and find your satisfaction there, but with head erect to look upward to the heavens. Praise Him that He has made you alone of all the animals, a little lower than the angels and has crowned you with glory and honor, and has put all things under your feet, all sheep and oxen and the beasts of the field, the fowl of the air and the fish of the sea, and whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas. Rejoice in this your dominion, yet remember to exercise it in mercy. Look upon your animals as God looks upon them; think how well they have served you; give them occasion to share with you in the gratitude of the day, and prove that you are righteous by regarding their life.

Make this a day not simply of festivity, but of genuine *thanksgiving*; and remember that

"He prayeth well, who loveth well  
Both man, and bird, and beast.  
He prayeth best, who loveth best  
All things, both great and small;  
For the dear God who loveth us,  
He made, and loveth all."

**The English Sparrows.**

"When doctors disagree who shall decide."

Nothing is more remarkable than the rapidity with which the English sparrow has multiplied since its introduction to this country. The city of New York is literally alive with them, and in many of our inland cities they seem to have thriven quite as well as in New York. We have, therefore, at last, a pretty fair opportunity of judging of their value and of placing a just estimate upon the objections that have been made to them.

Thus far our observation leads us to believe that the sparrow is not an insectivorous bird. In New York they feed chiefly upon grain which they find in the streets. In Great Britain they are known as the most mischievous of grain destroyers; so far they bid fair to sustain the same character here. We have watched them by the hour, and killed and dissected numbers of them, and could never find that they fed on anything but vegetable matter. If, therefore, they should multiply and spread through the rural districts to the same extent that they have done in the cities, they would prove very destructive to our grain fields.

A few years ago the city of Patterson, N. J., and its neighborhood, abounded with bluebirds, orioles and wrens. A box put up in any yard or garden was sure to have a pair of bluebirds or wrens for its occupants. In an evil hour, however, a gentleman imported a quantity of sparrows, put up thatch covering on the end of the house for them, and did everything to make them comfortable. They took to their new quarters with great relish, multiplied until the city is alive with them, and now there is not a bluebird, wren or oriole to be seen! Gardens, in which three or four bird boxes were always inhabited by as many pairs of bluebirds, are now deserted, and the worst of it is, we have *not* got rid of the insects.—*Exchange*.

Will some one tell us if this is correct?—[ED.  
O. D. A.]

**An Excessive Penalty.**

Cruelty to an animal is a horrible offence worthy of severe punishment, but the penalty when too severe misses its mark, and makes the person subjected to it an object of greater sympathy than that extended to his victim. The Southport borough magistrates seem, in their indignation at a case heard before them on Wednesday, to have been carried away by their feelings, and to have mercilessly punished a poor fellow for what in these days, when a man may even kick his wife to death and get off with a few months' imprisonment, seems to have been a very trifling act of thoughtlessness in the treatment of a dumb animal. Henry Blundell was charged with ill-treating a cat at Churchtown on the 29th ult. Blundell certainly did not behave quite well to the cat, for he was seen to seize it by its neck and put it into a hole he had dug in the earth. He then covered it with soil, stamped upon it with his feet, and beat the soil down with a spade. Happily for the cat, some boys who had witnessed the scene dug it out of the hole, and a poor woman took it to her house and washed it and gave it some milk. The cat was not much injured—it only had one leg broken and one eye mutilated, and having, like all other cats, nine lives, is stated to be in a fair way to recovery. It would be thought, under these circumstances, that a merely nominal penalty would have met the justice of the case, but the magistrates actually fined Blundell 1s. and costs. The unfortunate man is, of course, for the moment, utterly crushed by this awful penalty, but, heavily as the law has laid its hands on him, he must admit that he was not wholly blameless, and that to bury a cat alive was technically, if not morally, an error of judgment. He may look for some mitigation of the penalty, but perhaps not for its entire remission.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

THE Baroness Burdett-Coutts has instituted a horse and donkey show at Torquay, the object being to promote humanity amongst carters, waggoners, cabmen and donkey drivers.

**Cruelties of Vivisection.**

[CIRCULAR OF THE BIRMINGHAM (ENG.) SOCIETY.]

"The Committee of this Society begs to invite the attention of the public to an effort about to be made, the object of which is to abolish the dreadful cruelties of Vivisection. That the movement may be carried on with energy and determination, it is hoped that all friends of humanity will generously contribute to the fund set apart for this particular purpose.

"Vivisection, or the cutting up of living animals for the alleged purpose of instruction, and acquiring dexterity in surgery, is unhappily carried on, both in this country and on the continent. The great moralist, Dr. Johnson, writing more than a century ago, says (see *Idler*, 17)—

"Among the inferior professors of medical knowledge is a race of wretches whose lives are only varied by varieties of cruelty, whose favorite amusement is to nail dogs to tables, and open them alive, to try how long life may be continued in various degrees of mutilation, to examine whether burning irons are felt more acutely by the bone or tendon, and whether more lasting agonies are produced by poison poured into mouth or injected into the veins."

"That the most revolting cruelties are still carried on cannot be denied. At the Veterinary Schools at Lyons and Alfort the experiments appear to be the most frequent and inhuman: painful as are the details, it has been considered advisable to relate them, in order that a proper estimate may be formed of the sufferings endured by the victims.

"The following horrifying account of veterinary Vivisection in France appeared in the December, 1866, number of the "Veterinarian." On page 1024, it says—

"In a building or shed, open to the air on one side lay six or seven living horses, fixed by every possible mechanical contrivance by the head and feet to pillars, to prevent their struggling, and upon each horse were six or seven pupils employed in performing different surgical operations. The sight was truly horrible. The operators had begun early in the forenoon, it was nearly three o'clock when we entered the place, so that the poor wretches, as may be supposed, had ceased being able to make any violent struggles; but the deep heaving of the still panting chest, and the horrible look of the eyes—when such were remaining in the head—while the head was lashed to a pillar, were harrowing beyond endurance. The students had begun their day's work in the least vital parts of the animals, the trunks were there, but they had lost their tails, ears, and hoofs, and the operators were now engaged performing the more important operations, &c., &c."

"Sir Charles Bell and many other distinguished physiologists have pronounced the practice fallacious, mischievous, and demoralizing. With such authority as theirs, of its inutility either to advance science, benefit mankind, or teach the anatomy of animals, and with the firm conviction that nothing wrong in theory can be right in practice, we of the Birmingham Society denounce the custom, and will, so far as we are able, endeavor to obtain a cessation of its horrors."

To what extent does this practice continue in the United States?—ED.

BEING sociable requires something more than ceaseless chattering. It requires the culture and expression in all proper and helpful ways of those thoughts and sentiments which are unselfish, generous, sympathetic and human. It means a pervading interest in others and the general good. It means the lively commerce of mind with mind, and communication of heart with heart, by listening as well as by speaking; by large receptivity as well as generous giving. And this sociability is just what is wanted to redeem our social intercourse and make our coming together helpful, stimulative and ennobling.

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